AN EXTORTIONER

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Janet sang as she spun, because her heart was in the spinning. It was so shady out under the big oak she had flung off her sunbonnet. The winds played tricksily with her soft hair and wisped shiny tendrils of it around neck and forehead. Her blue frock was low enough to show enchanting glimpses of a white neck. Not a wild rose of all those blooming beside the house wall was a finer clear pink than showed in her cheeks. It is small wonder young Rushton looked at her twice and bared his head before hailing.

"Major Weakley is away, but may be home any minute. Will you 'light and wait for him?" Janet flung back to him, pausing, with her left hand held high above her head, thus keeping taut the length of new thread.

Rushton had never seen anything so lightly deft as her motion in running the thread even on the broach. In spite of the classics he had thought vaguely of spinning as clumsy drudgery. Now it was suddenly borne in upon him that nymphs and goddesses had joyously plied the distaff.

He had been in not haste. Judge, then, of his astonishment to find himself dismounted and sitting upon the piazza watching Janet spin. He had come in the field way, cutting straight across his own plantation, full of contentious wrath.

Oaklands lay broadside on to his fields. That, of course, meant line fences and, potentially, trouble over breachy stock. It was his factor's complaint of trespassing by Weakley cattle that had brought Rushton precipitately on the scene. He had arrived at dusk the night before; he meant to leave before sundown next day—at least until he saw Janet.

Presently, finding her father still a truant, she took the band from her wheel and the full broach off the spindle, flung it in a basket half full of other broaches and went sedately within by the end door. A minute later she came out to Rushton bearing fresh well water, cool and sparkling, also a glass dish overrunning with luscious red cherries.

"You had to wait out these," she said a little reproachfully, setting the dish up on the flat plateau laid between them. "I wanted to make a cherry cobbler for dinner—that's why I climbed up in the very tiptop after these ripe ones—but Mammy Lisa locked up every dust of sugar and flour before she went to Aunt Ving's funeral."

"Who did you let her go?" Rushton asked.

Janet looked at him in amaze and said, a cherry between her lips: "Let her! You don't know Aunt Liza! We have to ask her about doing things, daddy and I."

"If you did not mind her, what would happen?" Rushton asked, laughing in spite of himself.

Janet looked thoughtful. "I don't really know," she said, puckering her forehead. "Aunt Liza is the best cook in the county. Loads of people want her—would pay her double what we can afford. But all she will ever say to them is: 'Shoo tukkey! I knows when I'ze well off, an' ef Marse Taum Weakley don't den I'ze dos bound ter stay yere tell I larns him.'"

"Such things are all riddles to me," Rushton said. "I have spent so little time here. My parents were northern. That reminds me, I am taking it for granted that you know me"—

"Oh, I do—and why you came," Janet interrupted, flushing faintly. "The last thing Aunt Liza said was that you'd be here this morning to say you'd shoot our cows next time they were caught ravaging in your cornfields. She had heard it from the hands on your place. Whatever one negro knows all the others within miles roundabout will hear before morning."

"Yes, sir! We had warning!" Major Weakley said, coming out behind Janet, then offering his hand. "Mr. Rushton, you're quite justifiable. If you do shoot my beasts I shan't say a word."

"Why, I—I shall not think of such a thing!" Rushton gasped, all taken aback. "I was a bit provoked, but I dare say the matter has been greatly exaggerated"—

"It cannot very well have been," Major Weakley said penitently. "To tell you the truth, young man, my cows are hardly worth the corn they have destroyed for you. They're only a lot of scrubs, but Janet and I would not swap them for registered Jerseys. We're foolishly fond of old things."

"If they did not jump so they'd be angels—that is, supposing angels ever had four legs and horns and a tail," Janet said pensively. "The fences are not really bad, but Sook, the bell cow, never rests until she has laid down a fence panel and called in all the rest. She is the only one really wicked. Why, sometimes she will pass our corn and go straight for yours."

"Suppose you sell her to me!" Rushton said, his eyes dancing. "If Mme. Bell Cow belonged on my side of the road perhaps she would be as wild to stay on yours."

"You can have her for the taking," Major Weakley said, laughing heartily, then soberly: "Mr. Rushton, I shall try henceforth to keep my stock within bounds. Meantime, send in your bill of damages."

"Very well, and you are not to worry any more until I send it," Rushton answered. Janet from the doorway gave him a grateful glance. The next minute she said half plaintively: "Come in to dinner, gentlemen. It's all cold—except what Aunt Liza thought we ought to have. But I reckon it will keep us from going hungry."

Love hot and sudden ought to have taken Rushton's appetite. Instead it seemed to give new and delicious relish to the cold ham, fried chicken and cold lamb set before him, re-enforced by beaten biscuit, nine sorts of pickle and relishes and crisp lettuce, with pound-cake and raspberries smothered in cream by way of dessert. Between them all he made a noble meal, and after it sat smoking and talking until the sun was almost down.

Rushton first saw Janet in early July. Mid-September found him still lingering upon his plantation. More properly he slept there and stabled his horses in the stalls. The most part of daylight and big patches of the nights he spent at Oaklands or ranging about with the master of it. Business had not been named between them since the fateful first day. Oddly enough the breachy cows had made no fresh incursions. Janet smiled. It was her belief that bell cow Sook had really reformed. Still she did not look into the matter closely. She was too happy for much study of anything.

It was a distinct shock to the major when Rushton said to him offhandedly: "Oh, by the way, I'm going home day after tomorrow. Before I leave I should like to settle that old affair. I've made a sort of rough estimate. Hope you won't think I mean to be greedy."

"Let me see it," said the major, holding out his hand for the folded paper. Scanning it, he grew red, then white, then burst out: "Why, you Shylock! D'ye think any court on earth will believe nine common cows can damage a cornfield $1,000,000 worth?"

"Honestly, major, I don't," Rushton said, his eyes twinkling; "but, you see, I could not possibly set a lower value on Janet, and she has agreed to give me herself in payment."

In Wexford.

A Rosbon commercial, who had a very ruddy complexion, after "working" Glasgow, had some time to wait for his train at St. Enoch station and bethought himself of a little joke.

"What is the name of this station, my good man?" he asked of a porter.

"St. Enoch station, sir."

A few minutes later he met the same porter and asked:

"What did you call this station, porter?"

"St. Enoch, sir. Can ye no see the name above the hotel there?"

Just then the train was signaled in and our English friend got comfortably seated in a third class smoker along with a few more passengers of the male persuasion.

"These railway officials are about the worst I ever came across. They can't be civil," exclaimed the Londoner.

"That's a confounded lee!" said a Scotch farmer.

"Well," said the Londoner, "I'll bet you 10 bob I don't get a civil answer from the first porter I ask a question of."

"Done!" replied the old farmer.

Looking out of the carriage window he spied his green friend, and, calling him over, asked in his most polite tone: "Would you kindly tell me the name of this station, porter?"

"Gang awa', ye bacon faced old buffer! Pit yer daft heid in!" was the answer.—Tit-Bits.

Higher Education.

Those who regard higher education as a social ornament, valueless except as a badge for the delight of its possessor, and those who regard culture as the private perquisite of the elect few are alike in the wrong. The presence of men of culture and training raises the value of everything about them. It insures the success of enterprise, the safety of person and property, the contact with righteousness of thought and action, which are the mainspring of right thought and right deed in the future.

Moreover, if clear thinking with clean living is good for the elect few, it is equally good for the mutable many. Culture not only raises the man above the mass, but it turns the masses into men. That the multitude may imagine themselves men before they hold a man's grasp on life is the grievous danger of democracy. Here again the university plays its part, teaching the relative value of ideals. Under its criticism men learn that good results are better than good intentions, and that they demand a far higher order of skill and courage.—President David Starr Jordan in Atlantic.

Go Home, Young Man.

When a young man goes calling, if he can get his attention off his own attractiveness long enough to observe it, he will find that near 10 o'clock the girl begins to look worried, absent minded, and her laughs at his jokes are suppressed and forced.

At 10:30 she seems to be in a panic, and if he should depart then and shake hands goodby he would find her hand icy cold.

Noises are heard from upstairs. A man is grumbling and a woman pleading. Will the young man go before the father makes a scene?

Both the daughter downstairs and the mother upstairs are hoping that he will, but the young man stays and stays.

Finally he gets up to go, and the girl is so relieved she asks him to come again.

A number of worried mothers are getting up a petition to have the street cars stop running at 9:30.—Atchison Globe.

The Walking Act.

A little girl was asked to write an essay about man. The following was her composition: "Man is a funny animal. He has eyes to see with, hands to feel with and is split up the middle and walks on the split ends."—Glasgow Times.

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[Circuit A—164.]

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Common Pleas Court. The Cook & Bernheimer Company, a corporation, vs. Abraham De Wall. Fi. fa.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the eighth day of December next, at two o'clock P. M., all those tracts or parcels of land and premises situate lying and being in the township of Franklin, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning in the northerly line of Chestnut street north 67 degrees 37 minutes west 223 77-100 feet from westerly line of Phoebe Prentice; thence running north 4 degrees 22 minutes east 40 37-100 feet; thence parallel with westerly line of George B. Philhower north 37 degrees 19 minutes east 121 feet; thence parallel with the southerly line of land of Charles G. Barney et al. north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 78 28-100 feet to a point 51 24-100 feet from the westerly line of said Philhower; thence parallel with said westerly line south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 181 43-100 feet to Chestnut street; thence south 67 degrees 37 minutes east 77 feet to beginning. Being lot No. 2 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Stirrat by George B. Philhower by deed recorded in Y-27—48, and by corrected deed in I-28—177.

Second Tract—Beginning at a point 150 feet southwesterly from where the lands of Henry Hilton intersect with the lands of Charles T. Barney at the northeasterly corner of a lot now owned by Lester Kierated and along the easterly line of said Henry Hilton's land; thence (1) running south 52 degrees 42 minutes east 51 and 74-100 feet; thence (2) south 37 degrees 19 minutes west 35 feet; thence (3) north 52 degrees 12 minutes west 51 74-100 feet to lands of Henry Hilton; thence (4) north 37 degrees 19 minutes east along Henry Hilton's line 35 feet to beginning.

Being the rear part of lot No. 1 on map of real estate of Dr. George B. Philhower and the same premises conveyed to Joseph Stirrat by George B. Philhower by deed recorded in V-29—19.

Newark, N. J., November 2, 1903.
WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.
J. Edward Smith, Att'y. ($15.90)

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(Chancery A—227.)

SHERIFF'S SALE—In Chancery of New Jersey—Between the Bloomfield Savings Institution, complainant, and Lawrence E. Blake et al., defendants.—Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the courthouse in Newark, on Tuesday, the first day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, beginning in the westerly line of Glenwood avenue at a point therein distant northerly twenty-five and one-hundredths feet from the corner formed by the intersection of the said westerly line of Glenwood avenue with the northerly line of Llewellyn avenue; thence (1) southerly along the westerly line of Glenwood avenue twenty-five and one-hundredths feet to the northerly line of Llewellyn avenue; thence (2) westerly along the northerly line of said avenue one-hundred feet; thence (3) northerly and parallel with the first course twenty-five feet; thence (4) easterly one-hundred and forty-three-hundredths feet to Glenwood avenue, west line and place of beginning, being lot number one on a map of the People's Park.

WILLIAM C. NICOLL, Sheriff.
Newark, N. J., October 28, 1903. ($9.00)

August 11, 1903.

ESTATE OF CLARA A. P. JOHNson, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrators of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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NOTICE OF HEARING.

A hearing will be given by the Board of Assessors at the Town Council chamber in the National Bank Building on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, 1903, at 8 o'clock, to those interested in the assessments for the Jerome Place and Walnut Street improvements.

S. P. GILBERT,
Clerk of Board of Assessors.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Oct. 16, 1903.

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